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New Republic

19 HOOVER REPORTS

By HAROLD STEIN

BRITAIN'S FARMS & FOOD

Second of a series by NORMAN MacKENZIE

THE PROBLEM OF THE EX-COMMUNIST

AN EDITORIAL

WESTERN EUROPE'S NEW-YEAR MOOD

By PERCY WINNER

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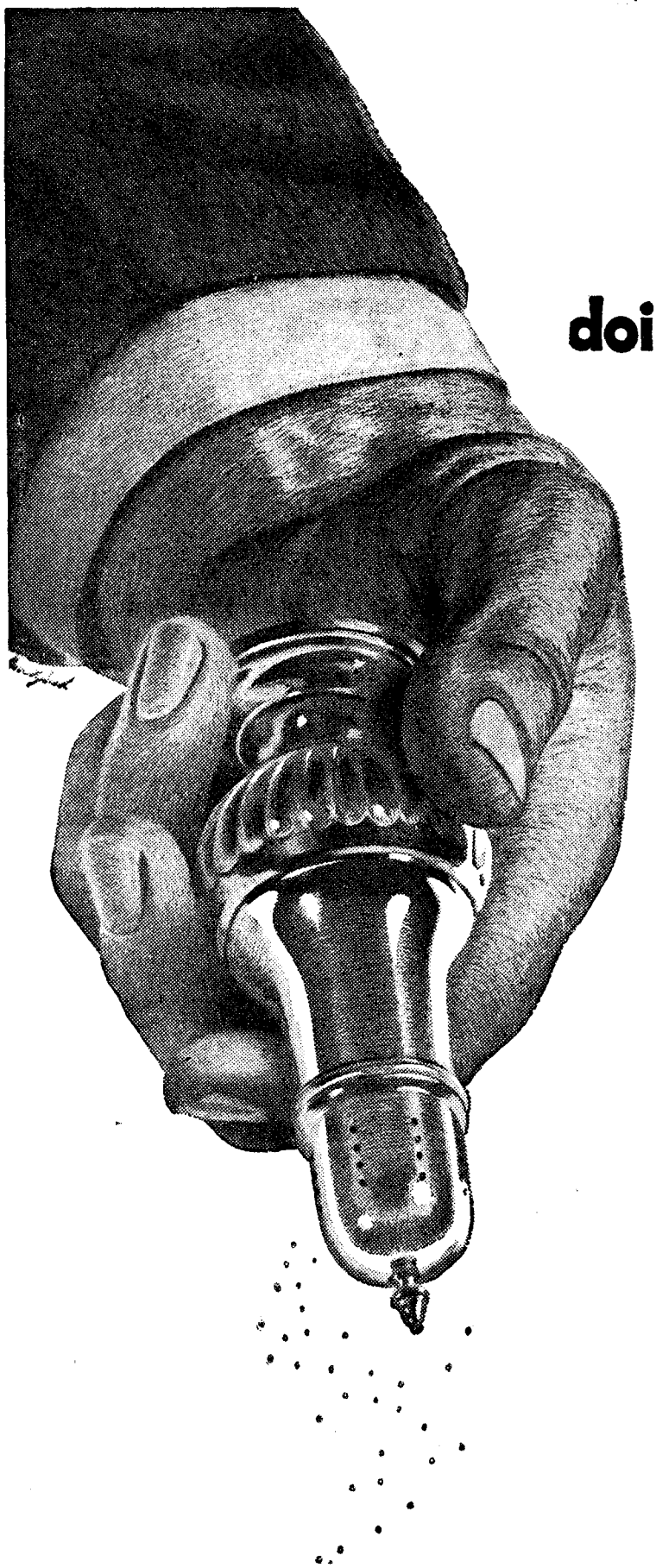

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

FIVE NEGROES were putting Thomas Jefferson up where he belonged. They were using an 18-foot boom and pulleys. Somebody was trying out the hidden overhead lights which came up like a sunrise and then slowly faded down, reflected on the immense oval ceiling. A batch of white-overalled painters ate lunch in the President's Gallery. This was the Senate—getting ready for the new session. A huge vacuum cleaner whirred; blueprints rolled over the gallery rail; all the marble busts had nice clean faces.

It has cost $5 million to refurnish and put a new ceiling on Senate and House and the results are as chastely opulent as one of our big movie houses; in fact, to be honest, better. This is real marble and this is real wall tapestry. Most notable is the absence of the big temporary iron girders that held up the sagging roofs through the war and made Congress seem to be legislating under a railroad bridge.

The trickiest changes are the stainless-steel ceilings, painted white and perforated with countless tiny holes to aid acoustics. The contractors have stopped at the upper level of the chamber—the ceiling and galleries. The floor itself, the carpets, the seats, the rostrum of the legislators are unchanged. Upstairs it is Truman's Fair Deal; downstairs it is early General Grant. Congress has a new coat and old pants. It is symbolic.

That is the point made by Robert Heller's Committee for Strengthening Congress. With all the conviction we have at our command we cry "Amen" to its findings. The Senate's code of rules has not been revised since 1884. While the House has had a rule of relevancy since 1789, the Senate still lacks one—any member can talk on any topic at any time. Furthermore, the Senate actually moved backward last session by a closure amendment that makes filibusters easier.

We believe the whole political structure of the country is weakened by the lack of party coherency and discipline in Congress. It is frittered away there in an antique set-up. And we believe that the situation has just about reached the breaking point. Congress is bogging down, as illustrated by the Senate's unprecedented log jam of appropriation bills last session. The voters, too, are finally catching on to the fact that even after electing a President their will can be thwarted in Congress by the shrewd manipulators of the preposterous old bustle-backed system.

President Truman doesn't think Eisenhower is a candidate. He was right and everybody else was wrong in 1948. Truman sounded so sure of it at last week's press conference that he was persuasive but not conclusive. It is two years off yet, so we needn't bother too much, but we doubt if Ike himself knows the GOP pressure to be exerted on him to run.

Vandenberg, looking rather wraithlike, made some strong comments on foreign policy here last week. The McCormick isolationist crowd is trying to get the new GOP "anti-me-tooism" formula to cover bipartisan foreign policy—an example of the Republicans' psychopathic suicide fixation. Dulles' defeat puts more of the burden of fighting it on Vandenberg. If he has the strength, he can probably do it. Without being morbid, Vandenberg was weighing the chances of his own life as he wrote his reflective comments, following his six-hour operation. The strongest element was his repudiation of isolationism. Reasonably enough, he says the GOP shouldn't do all the coöperating; for "me, too-ism" he would substitute "you, too-ism."

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With this week, according to one interpretation, ends the half-century. If we can accept that side of a hotly argued debate, we won't be able to philosophize on the subject again for 50 years. We got hold of an A.D. 1900 history book to help our perspective: women in funny dresses, policemen in helmets looking like Keystone-comedy cops; population 76,303,387; national debt $1,042,617,638; only a third of the population living in cities; McKinley getting ready to beat Bryan a second time and Czolgosz getting ready to shoot McKinley.

Well, it isn't so hard to polish off half a century in a paragraph because the quaint editor of our A.D. 1900 survey did most of it for us. He points out that farm people are moving to cities (they still are); that families are getting smaller (the same); that the ratio of Negroes to whites is declining (ditto). What he deplored also sounds familiar: Henry George "socialism," too much government control, loss of "old-fashioned" private initiative. Aside from a mechanical improvement or two and a couple of wars, that about tells the story. There has been the rise of trade unionism in 50 years, of woman suffrage, and the rise and fall of Prohibition. Also there has been a vast improvement in our politics: practically every 1900 city was boss-ridden and violently corrupt and even presidential elections had to be handled with tongs. We have come a long way.

Notes. Truman's worst failures in 1949 were his appointments, the Supreme Court the most glaring example. Now, with big federal jobs open, Truman can improve his average. . . . Corporate profits, dividends, Christmas shopping are near all-time peaks; nobody foresaw this boom a year ago. If America doesn't balance its budget now it will be due to lack of courage, not dollars. . . . In spite of profits, Big Business will continue to play poor next year. . . . The lobby investigation should be a five-star performance in the new session.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Jesuit Politics

SIR: Percy Winner's article, "The Resurgence of the Jesuits," contained in your issue of December 12, raises some points about the Jesuits which are nothing short of ludicrous to many members of the Catholic laity.

To describe the Society of Jesus as "the least progressive of the Church's orders" is to ignore the activities of the Jesuits in the United States. To give only a few examples, I cite the labor schools under their leadership, particularly the one at St. Francis Xavier here at New York, under the direction of the Rev. Phillip Carey, S.J.; the Catholic Interracial Council, in which the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., plays an important role; and, the participation of many able, young Jesuits in the program of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Your article has completely missed the pulse of Catholic lay thought, which, if it were to indict the Society of Jesus, would rather call it too progressive, and term some of its members "radicals." One member of this Society, in a recent discussion with me on the present dispute in the coal mines, termed John L. Lewis "the greatest living American."

One critic of the Society of Jesus, René Fülöp-Miller, in his book, *The Power and Secret of the Jesuits*, says of this group, ". . . At the present time the exercises are directed mainly to the organized masses of the Catholic proletariat."

As a member of the Catholic laity, I am acquainted with Jesuits who are the sons of immigrants and of laborers, as well as of doctors and lawyers. My criticism would be that in their desire to right the injustices which confront our political and economic system, they are too progressive and too liberal.

ALICE MAY ROODKOWSKY

New York City

SIR: The Society of Jesus is "the least progressive" of the orders of the Roman Catholic Church not because it fails to try to "right the injustices which confront our political and economic system" but because of the special orientation which, historically and at present, it brings to the Church's conceptions of political progress and social justice. In carrying out its mission to defend and propagate the Faith, it is the vehicle of the principle of the Church's uniqueness of divine evangelism of Christianity; the most extreme champion of the theory that the Vatican's ancient claim to temporal as well as spiritual authority must be interpreted as giving it the right to demand of Catholics their first loyalty to the Church in such specifically laical areas as political concepts, economic forms and social legislation.

Catholic liberals work for social justice based on a workable compromise between the spiritual authority of the Church (and other churches) and the material authority of states, which, in turn, seek a workable compromise between society and the individual, between efficiency and freedom. The Jesuit Order is, on the other hand, "totalitarian" in its conception of the authority of the Bishop of Rome.

Furthermore, the Jesuits work, at least indirectly, in favor of state structures that tend to resemble that of the Church itself. If the government of the Church of Rome can be considered democratic, then the Jesuits are "progressive" on that score. The fact is, of course, that the Catholic Church is hierarchical, authoritarian and in many ways totalitarian.

As for the quotation taken out of the context of Fülöp-Miller's book, Colonel Juan Peron's shirtless-ones, Generalissimo Francisco Franco's Falangistas and other "radicals" of the extreme Right also operate among laborers and "the organized masses of the Catholic proletariat."

Paris, France PERCY WINNER

Fear Thy Neighbor

SIR: What's Mr. Ickes kicking about (the *NR*, December 12) in regard to Spain and Portugal anyway? Franco and Salazar are anti-Stalin, aren't they? That makes them, ipso facto, friends of ours. Hitler and Mussolini were anti-Stalin too. We made a terrible blunder in warring upon them instead of joining the anti-Comintern Axis.

The fact is that every phase of our foreign policy is slanted to one objective—"containment" of Russia. So much so that it has become top-heavy, and is completely out of gear with our democratic professions. From the Peekskill hoodlums to the State Department, the country, and indeed the world, is in the grip of an obsession—an almost psychopathic fear and hatred of Russia and Communism. A world in the grip of an obsession is a sick world, and there is no cure while the obsession lasts.

New York City SAMUEL BUCK

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VOLUME 122, NUMBER 1, ISSUE 1831, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 2, 1950 **New Republic**

THE PROBLEM OF THE EX-COMMUNIST

STEPHEN SPENDER, the distinguished British poet, called attention to a serious situation, in a recent letter to the New York *Times*. Some weeks ago, says Spender, he applied for an American visa in order to lecture on Goethe at Harvard, and to give a few lectures at other colleges. He was asked by the American Vice Consul in London, who interviewed him regarding his visa request, whether he had ever been a member of the Communist Party. Spender replied that he had been, for a short time during the Spanish Civil War, and explained the circumstances:

I had published at that time a book, *Forward from Liberalism*, which, while attacking the Communists in respect of the current Moscow trials, and of their attitude to writers, advocated a common front of liberal forces with the Communists against fascism. Harry Pollitt, the Secretary of the British Communist Party, invited me to see him. He said that he wished me to join the Communist Party on the basis of my disagreement with them. To prove the good faith of the Communists, he invited me to publish an article in the *Daily Worker*, expressing my criticism, which would appear as soon as I joined.

The publication of the article, and of other articles elsewhere in which I continued to express my own opinion, caused a break between the Communists and myself. Although I had received a Party card from Mr. Pollitt, I never paid any Party dues, nor did I join a Party cell, so my membership lapsed.

In spite of these facts, Spender had a hard time getting permission to enter the United States. Only after a number of well-known citizens had sent telegrams to the US Attorney General was he allowed to come; and even with this sponsorship, he was held up for three hours at LaGuardia Airport while the authorities finally made up their minds whether a visit of a few weeks by him would fatally corrupt this country. If he had not been a noted poet with influential friends here, he could not have come at all.

Says Spender:

There must be several hundred European intellectuals who during the period of the Spanish Civil War became Communists because they believed that by doing so they were giving the most effective aid to the Popular Front, which opposed fascism. There must be several thousands more who, at a later date, were Communists within the resistance movements and who left the Communist Party after the War. . . . [It is] probable that some of them are among those Europeans who today work for a solution of European problems which rejects Communism and at the same time does not lean on the elements which supported fascism. Thus they are the non-Communists and anti-fascists to whom Americans should surely look if they desire understanding between America and Europe today.

The law which was invoked against Spender does not mention the Communists by name, though it is always used against them. It forbids entry to the United States to "any alien who, at any time, shall be or shall have been a member of any one of the following classes." Among the classes are "aliens who advise, advocate or teach or are members of or affiliated with any organization which advises, advocates or teaches the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States."

Under this law, in the past 30 years, there have been a long series of extraordinary miscarriages of justice for which Congress is primarily, and various courts secondarily and in differing degrees, to blame. For a few recent examples:

A German who had been a Communist briefly 23 years ago, had soon turned anti-Communist, and had fought the Party ever since, was arrested and deported after 20 years in this country, solely on the ground of having once been a CP member.

The war bride of an American soldier was refused admission to the United States, although there was ample evidence she was not and never had been a Communist, because during the war she was a zealous member of the Underground in her native country, and had coöperated with the Communists in fighting the Germans at that time!

Another war bride was similarly treated, on the grounds that she had communicated vital information to the Russians during the war. This girl is not and never was a Communist, and the information she gave the Russians was such as the United States Government then wanted the Russians to have.

Still a third war bride has spent 13 months in prison in San Francisco because of not knowing English very well. She is a White Russian, and anti-Communist, but when she was asked, "Do you believe in the principles and tenets of the present Russian government?" she hesitated and

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then said, "Yes." Two successive hearings have been held, 13 months apart, the young woman being kept in prison during the interval; and incredible as it may seem, the second hearing was also decided against her, apparently because somebody in the State Department either would not read the papers in the case or was unwilling to admit the dreadful blunder already made.

There are scores of similar cases.

An alien might live in the United States for 50 years, with a magnificent record of devotion to our principles; but if he had ever in the past failed to fulfill to the letter the terms of the immigration law, he must watch his step very carefully when going outside the borders of the country, or he will never be allowed to get back in.

As Spender points out, the law, which is interpreted to forbid entrance to anybody who has ever been a member of the Communist Party, in fact operates largely to keep out ex-Communists. An actual Communist agent would certainly not scruple to lie about either past or present affiliation. Many such agents can truthfully say they have never been Party members, having followed this course under Party orders. In other words, our present rules are designed to do maximum harm to our friends, and little harm to our enemies, present or potential.

This idiocy at our borders (which, we repeat, is not primarily the fault of the Immigration Service) is paralleled by a short-sighted policy toward native Americans who have become fed up with Communism and have either left the Communist ranks or would like to do so. How many people are in one or the other of these categories it is of course impossible to estimate, but the number is undoubtedly sizable. Twenty years ago, Communism and the Communists looked altogether different to millions of Americans from what they do now, in the shadow of the cold war. Large numbers of young people—including some who are possessed of high zeal for humanity and dedication to democratic principles—joined the Communist Party at that time, believing that in doing so they were fighting for democracy. In very many cases they were quickly disillusioned and now regret and repudiate their action.

How do we treat such people? A good example is the course followed by the Stewart Warner Corporation of Chicago, which announced a few days ago with pious pleasure that it was excluding Communists, former Communists and Communist sympathizers from employment. One can understand why a firm engaged in secret war work, as is the Stewart Warner Corporation, would not want active Communists on its staff; but it is both pointless and unjust to extend the exclusion to former Party members or sympathizers.

Similar rules, open or tacit, exist in many other companies. Some trade unions, in their present fervor to purge their ranks, also exacerbate the situation. Several states and subdivisions of states have adopted ordinances forbidding employment on the public payroll to Communists. While such laws would be unconstitutional if made retroactive, a common device is to say that an individual shall be deemed "guilty of subversion" if he remains a member of any of a specified list of organizations after a specified date. In other words, beyond that date no change of heart is ever possible.

Former Communists who have left the Party do not dare, in the present climate of opinion, to admit their past membership, which could mean the loss of a job and even social ostracism.

As bad or worse is the situation of the Communist who is still a member of the Party, would like to get out, but doesn't know how. The Communists deal very harshly with "deserters," even though they may not go to the lengths Whittaker Chambers feared when, for months, he slept by day and sat up all night with a rifle across his knees, waiting for his house to be attacked. It is known that when an individual breaks with the Party, his former comrades have a habit of denouncing him to his employer, anonymously of course, as a Communist.

The theory implied in the common American attitude—"once a Communist, always a Communist"—makes sense only in a few and very special cases. When the Communist head of a union resigns from the Party merely to meet the requirements of the Taft-Hartley Act, it is obvious that he has not altered his views. But in most cases it is easy to tell whether the repudiation of the Party is genuine. The simple, reliable test is whether the individual does or does not continue to hold and express the Party's ideas and attitudes.

What the general American position amounts to is to say that nobody is ever allowed to repent, or to change his mind. By this cold and rigid rule we hamper the international movement of thousands of alien anti-Communists who know better than anyone else and from personal experience how far Communism diverges from democracy. We hold the sword of Damocles over the heads of many thousands of American ex-Communists, most of whom are penalized on a lifetime basis for what was usually a brief and youthful aberration years ago. We keep within the Communist Party a lot of people who would like to get out.

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What is needed is clear. The absurd language of the immigration law should be changed; hearings should start promptly before the appropriate Congressional Committees. Public opinion should be altered to recognize the fact that an ex-Communist can be a sincere democrat. Communist Party members who want to escape from their allegiance should be helped to do so without thereafter suffering severe economic and social penalties. Employers willing to aid such efforts should make that fact known. We should not continue to handicap potentially useful workers for democracy at a time when democracy needs all possible help.

THE WEEK

THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS

The little father of all the Russias realized the biblical guarantee of three score years and ten last week and all the potentates of the East did him homage. Chief among these was the Great Khan, Mao Tse-tung, fresh from his triumph over the corrupt princes of Cathay. Appropriately, the ceremonies were rich with Oriental mystery.

In the name of the father, Georgi Malenkov, Vyacheslav Molotov, Nicolai Bulganin and others repeated the traditional Russian riddles about peace and freedom. Incredible feats of eulogy were performed by emissaries from the lesser lands, the Hungarians declaring that Stalin had "soared so high that human eyes can scarcely follow him," while insisting at the same time that Hungarian human eyes were "penetrating" Kremlin walls to "embrace" the great humanitarian.

The Great Khan was not quite so hysterical. He spoke about the "importance of the friendship of Stalin" and wished him a long life, but he conspicuously forbore to prostrate himself at the foot of the throne. His remarks and conduct left unanswered the question whether in the end he would go the way of Tito, who sent no happy-birthday message and stayed at home in Belgrade, where news of his erstwhile protector's anniversary was not considered fit to print.

The talk about peace roused more than usual speculation in Washington. People in the State Department were impressed with the emphasis laid on peace in the Moscow birthday greetings, which suggested that the empire of the East is uneasy. There was a notion that remarks about Tito, delivered in the course of Molotov's published adulation of Stalin, indicated that Russia has written Tito off as lost to the capitalist camp and is relieved in a way to be rid of him as a problem within the happy family whose home is Moscow.

RACKET IN COFFEE

The press, which was quick to spread the story about a worldwide coffee shortage, has been reluctant to report the findings of a Senate Agriculture subcommittee which is investigating the spread between farm and consumer coffee prices. The committee, headed by Senator Guy Gillette (D, Iowa), turned up some interesting facts to prove that the "shortage" is mostly in the minds of coffee speculators.

Representatives of the Department of Agriculture told the committee that during the first nine months of this year, seven percent more coffee was imported into the United States than during the same period last year. Furthermore, consumption is down five percent. World coffee production over the years has been going up, not down (in 1946-47 production was about 27 million bags; in 1948-49 it was 30 million bags).

Charles G. Lindsay, manager of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, who first reported that "coffee prices may be explained in just two words—bad weather," had to eat his words. The drought in Brazil, according to Robert Elwood, second secretary of the embassy at Rio de Janeiro, had no effect on the crop harvested this year. When he appeared before the committee, Lindsay was forced to admit that there was no coffee shortage.

The committee revealed that among those profiting from the "shortage" story is the Great A&P, which boasts that it supplies one out of every six cups of coffee that Americans drink. On December 1, the American Coffee Corporation, a subsidiary of the A&P, held 261,490 bags of coffee in Brazil and 73,000 bags in Colombia. This coffee was bought for a fraction of what it would cost now. The wholesale price of coffee has doubled since the speculation began. Americans consume about two billion pounds a year, and an increase of 30 cents a pound equals $600 million—a neat Christmas present for the coffee profiteers.

THE NEWEST REPUBLIC

With the appointment of a cabinet a few days ago, the world's newest republic opened its doors, prepared for business. It is the United States of Indonesia, composed of 16 regions of the Dutch East Indies. The new nation came into existence after several years of intermittent guerrilla warfare, and several abortive truce periods. A great factor in the final success was a United Nations commission, which helped achieve the agreement through which the Netherlands and the US of Indonesia become equal partners under the Netherlands Crown. The UN commission got powerful, if covert, aid from the United States, which was in a position to exert great pressure on the Dutch.

Among the 16 Indonesian states a leading role is being played by the

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Indonesian Republic, which carried the burden of the fight for independence. Soekarno (he has no first name), who was President of that republic, is now President of the USI; and the new Premier and Foreign Minister, Dr. Mohammed Hatta, had been Soekarno's Premier. Soekarno is a great admirer of American democracy, even though he collaborated (at the point of a gun) with the Japanese when the NEI was occupied during the war. His affection for the US is illustrated by the stamps the USI will employ, which have the heroes of their own fight for independence in the foreground, and such great Americans as Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln in the background.

Already the newest republic has a billion-dollar five-year program under way; the next session of the American Congress may see a request for amendment of the Marshall Plan to bring in the USI. Soekarno and Hatta are not yet out of the woods: they must contend with a Communist minority and a nationalist faction so conservative it is almost fascist. But these troubles seem unimportant compared with the Indonesians' desperate four-year struggle, now successfully concluded, to get the Dutch off their necks.

A BRAVE LITTLE BAND

Edward A. Rumely, accused of acting for Germany in World War I, has extended his activities to a new organization called "Fighters for Freedom," an offshoot of the Committee for Constitutional Government.

Rumely's name doesn't appear in any of the advance promotion material his organization is putting out, but transmittal and business letters are signed by him as executive secretary. On the letterhead are the names of Dr. Willford I. King as chairman, and Sumner Gerard as treasurer, plus a partial list of trustees and advisory board, including ex-Senator Edward H. Moore, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Frank E. Gannett, Rochester, New York; Lamar Fleming Jr., of Houston, Texas, and others.

The FFF is commencing an advertising and personal-fund-solicitation campaign among business and professional men who can be scared by the threat of a socialist-labor-union conspiracy to take over the government. The organization argues: If you don't give us $50 or $100 or $500, then the labor unions, which are organizing politically, will move in to get the Taft-Hartley Act repealed and bring on a welfare state, and the only way to stop that is for businessmen to organize politically.

In Texas, the organizing drive is scheduled to begin soon after the first of the year, with Dallas and Fort Worth as the starting points. The FFF sets 1,460,000 as its nationwide minimum membership goal—one percent of the population in each community. With that minimum membership, the propaganda says, "each radiating his or her influence to five or eight others, this one percent can build a block strong enough to tip the scales at the bar of public opinion and reverse the drift into Socialism."

As an important part in the campaign, the FFF plans to distribute two million copies of John T. Flynn's *The Road Ahead*, which it describes as the most important book of this decade. "It exposes how, in secret, planners at top level in Washington have been working for a stealthy revolution in collaboration with labor monopolists," according to one letter. "The legislation they have forced through fits together as the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, each piece part of a general plan to drive America into collectivism exactly as have the Fabians in collaboration with British trade unions in England."

The FFF divides its "Fighters" into four classifications: Group A, or Grassroots Fighters (goal: 1,250,000), will pay $2 and will get limited amounts of literature. Group B, or Associate Fighters (goal: 500,000), will pay $5 and will get more literature, including bi-weekly mailings from Representatives Ralph Gwinn (R, N. Y.) and Dr. King. Group C, or Coöperating Fighters (goal: 250,000), will pay $10 and will get more literature. Group D, the Sustaining Fighters (goal: 50,000), will qualify by contributing $25 or more or by buying that much literature.

SPARKMAN'S STARK FACTS

The findings of Senator John Sparkman's (D, Ala.) subcommittee on low-income families will document the need for the program President Truman will demand of Congress January 5. The testimony presented during the last two weeks has brought to light some stark facts and points up the need, more forcibly than ever, for the Fair Deal program.

Nearly 10 million American families in the prosperous year of 1948 had less than $2,000 annual income. More than four million had incomes under $1,000. Dr. Dewey Anderson of the Public Affairs Institute told the committee that "it is not enough to underwrite full employment and then depend on the trickle-down, percolating system to care for the lower third." The three largest groups in the low-income bracket, he said, are: poorly educated persons who do not rise above occupations requiring little skill; widows who are breadwinners, and, lacking special skills, are forced to accept low-paid jobs; old persons able to find only low-paid jobs or who have retired on small incomes.

Anderson recommended four immediate steps to deal with the problems of the lower economic one-third:

- A Fair Employment Practices Commission would deal not only with the problems of racial minorities but with those of older workers, women, and all persons handicapped by disabilities.
- The creation of a Welfare Review Board to study the adequacy of current programs affecting the lower-income group.
- The creation of a national scholarship and loan program to assure opportunity for education.
- Substantial liberalization of the present Social Security Act.

In addition, he emphasized that other proposals before Congress—health, regional development, the

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Brannan farm plan, higher unemployment compensation and aid to education—would provide indirect benefits for the lower third.

DROUGHT IN NEW YORK

For the past six or seven months, severe drought conditions have existed throughout much of the Northern Hemisphere, around the world. Among the areas in the United States that are hardest hit are New York City and its environs. By the end of last week, New York had only about 60 days' water supply on hand, with no guarantee that enough rain would fall in the upstate watershed to meet even the minimum requirements.

The drought was aggravated by the reckless waste of water to which New Yorkers have been accustomed for many years. The daily per-capita consumption is about twice what it is in Europe, and far higher than in arid regions like the Southwest. Apartment-house dwellers use 40 percent more water than home owners, who pay (usually a flat rate based on front footage of property), and therefore are at least reminded that water is not free. But even the home owners use far more water than do residents of nearby, fully comparable cities, where water is metered. Among the worst wasters are the industrial firms that allow water, after one use, to run away into the sewers although up to 98 percent of it could be purified and cooled and used over and over. Highly culpable are owners of air-conditioning installations, which use millions of gallons daily with no attempt at conservation.

The city government, for unknown reasons, has been incredibly laggard in meeting this situation, which threatens a calamity unparalleled in New York's history. The authorities waited months, in the face of repeated warnings, before they did anything about it at all. Then the action taken was grotesquely inadequate. Appeals to householders to economize were so timid that it took a month to get up to what is apparently the maximum saving, about 20 percent. Not until about five months had passed did the city stop such obvious squandering of water as is involved in washing automobiles. Weeks more elapsed before public-school swimming pools were closed down and ships docking at New York were told to please fill their tanks elsewhere if possible. Even now, the manufacture of beer and soft drinks continues at full blast, as well as all other industrial activities. New York is likely to pay even more dearly than usual for a government entrusted to politicians whose chief abilities lie in the realm of getting elected, rather than trained and competent experts who know a potential disaster when they see one.

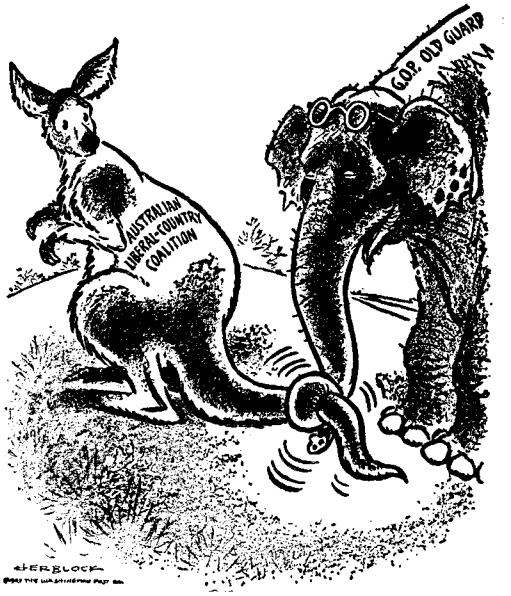
REAL-ESTATE ROAD SHOW

Unable to defeat the slum-clearance and public housing sections of the Housing Act in Congress last session, the real-estate lobby is putting pressure on local city councils throughout the country to refuse federal assistance for construction of low-cost housing. The lobby opened its drive early this month when the National Association of Real Estate Boards passed a resolution opposing the "$15 billion socialized housing program," urging state and local home builders to "carry on the fight" by referenda, and recommending that Congress amend the Act to limit "occupancy in all socialized housing to the indigent." Since that convention, the lobby has appeared before city councils in St. Petersburg, Norfolk, Dallas and other sizable cities in its all-out effort to scuttle the low-cost-housing program.

At St. Petersburg, the owners of slum property teamed up with the apartment-house owners, the hotel men's association, the local real-estate board, and private builders and contractors. Through advertisements in the local papers and personal contact with a friendly city council, they charged that the housing program would jeopardize the income of units normally rented to tourists, that construction of new housing units would absorb all skilled labor in this field, crippling the builders, and, following the lead of NAREB, that public housing would kill private enterprise and initiative. The City Council and the Mayor openly opposed the federal program and are referring the matter to the voters in a referendum.

The lobby was not so successful in Norfolk. Last week, the City Council adopted an ordinance paving the way for construction of some 3,000 low-rent housing units which will cost an estimated $28 million.

The real-estate interests are now concentrating on Texas, where the lobby hopes to force referenda in Dallas, San Antonio, Beaumont and Corpus Christi. If the request for a referendum is turned down by the City Council, the group has threatened to circulate a petition in an effort to force the action.



THE WASHINGTON POST

"It's a pleasure to congratulate another elephant."

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THE NINETEEN HOOVER REPORTS

by Harold Stein

THE "HOOVER REPORT" is back in the news again. A Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report has been created on a nationwide basis, to build a fire under Congress; it has held a conference in Washington at which the former President was himself one of the speakers. His remarks caused the resignation of Dewey Anderson, Director of the Public Affairs Institute, who said that Hoover's observations made it clear that the committee is "no place for a liberal." Among those pushing the Report is the Junior Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It is sending out 1,300,000 pamphlets to businessmen, repeating the familiar claim that millions of dollars are being wasted every day in the operation of the government.

There is, of course, no such thing as the Hoover Commission Report. The twelve commissioners issued nineteen reports, of varying quality and with a wealth of dissents (many admirable), and about the same number of so-called Task Force Reports, the latter ranging from excellent studies to documents that read like campaign speeches for John Foster Dulles. But even though there is no "report," the Commission did assemble and publish a set of recommendations for the organization of the federal government that provides a solid base for action. Most important, the reports show the wholehearted acceptance (with only occasional lapses) of the doctrine of presidential accountability and responsibility and make a strong plea that the President be granted adequate authority to carry out that responsibility.

On this basic issue there already has been important progress. In June the Congress passed the Reorganization Act of 1949. As recommended by the Commission, the Act exempts no agencies (except the General Accounting Office, considered, with dubious accuracy, an arm of Congress). However, the Act does have other shortcomings; it will expire on April 1, 1953, and any Presidential Reorganization Plan can be defeated either by 49 votes in the Senate or by 218 in the House, within the 60-day period. (The Commission had recommended a statute under which Reorganization Plans could be defeated only by a majority vote of both Houses.)

The President's success in achieving major improvements depends on a variety of factors: his own prestige, the ability of the opposition to mobilize for the attack, the effectiveness of party leadership in Congress. A favorable item is the bipartisan support he has been getting from the Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report, backed up by Hoover's own prestige. The committee's usefulness is limited by the fact that it is automatically committed to all the majority proposals—good, bad or indifferent—and by its own unfortunate decision to sell the program on the basis of dollar savings. Most of the announced savings are quite mythical, and the public is left with the impression that our government is staffed by incompetent and greedy bureaucrats. But on the whole its influence lies on the side of virtue.

During the past session of Congress, the arithmetical score on Presidential Reorganization Plans was good: eight plans sent up, six adopted, one superseded by new legislation; only the proposal for a Department of Welfare, which happened to arouse a curious mixture of Congressional antagonisms, was defeated.

By Reorganization Plan and by legislation a good start has been made on modernizing and giving the President more effective control over the housekeeping functions of the government. There is a new law clearing part of the statutory jungle of property legislation, and a General Services Administration has been established to combine in one agency a variety of formerly scattered functions. Congress has raised the salaries of key federal employees and has passed an improved Classification Act. A more intelligible and useful form of budget is being put into effect and Congress seems to be rationalizing the appropriations structure to correspond. Minor improvements in the government's archaic accounting practices are in prospect. The National Security Council and the National Security Resources Board have been placed squarely in the Executive Office of the President, where they belong.

Most of the President's responsibilities must be carried out through the Cabinet departments; if the President is to have effective authority, the heads must also have authority to organize and direct their own departments. In this field, useful advances have been made in State and elsewhere.

The one great achievement in departmental control is the Unification Act of 1949 for the National Military Establishment. The recent terrifying exhibition on Capitol Hill should not mislead us. Many of the at-

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tacks and counter-attacks of the generals and the admirals received no effective reply, while the performance of the civilian chiefs gave no convincing assurance of their wise understanding of strategy. But at least it did appear that the President and the Secretary of Defense now have a chance to establish a defense policy that is something more than a military pork barrel.

Part of the problem of making the government work better is straightening out some of the anomalies in the assignment of functions to the different departments and within departments. This is, of course, a never ending process. New stresses in our society, new concepts of federal responsibility require adaptations in our governmental structure. This is peculiarly the area covered by the new Reorganization Act. The President has begun to move. Administrative responsibility has been lodged in the chairmen of the Civil Service Commission and the Maritime Commission, giving hope of improvement in those creaking agencies. Public Roads Administration has gone to the Department of Commerce as a first step in making Commerce the center of all non-regulatory transportation activities. The perpetual squabble over the location of the Employment Service and Unemployment Compensation has been settled—again—by transferring both to the Department of Labor.

These are the main points of action consequent upon the Hoover Commission Report. For such a short period of time, it is an impressive showing. It carries on wisely from the great reforms proposed by the President's Committee on Administrative Management in 1937, and accomplished in 1939, notably in the establishment of the Executive Office of the President, the transfer of the Budget Bureau from Treasury to that office, and the strengthening of the White House staff. The Hoover Commission has built on that achievement; the total area of its impact, already astonishingly wide, promises to be still wider.

Much, very much, remains to be done. No arithmetical measurement of the Commission's work has any significance, because the recommendations range from the important to those that should be buried. To the latter class belongs the proposal for a United Medical Administration, of, by and for the doctors, or more probably, the AMA. (Item, a proposal for a permanent commission to "study federal-state relations" that would inevitably push toward an abdication by the federal government of fields of taxation and control that can never be managed within state boundaries. Item, a proposal to liquidate the Farmers Home Administration.) But there are many valid recommendations that have not been acted on.

The Civil Service Commission remains a hybrid body, ill adapted to carrying out a vigorous and liberal personnel policy. Beyond that, the present personnel laws are archaic, rigid, and utterly confused by veterans' preferences that work badly for the veterans and abominably for everyone else. New legislation has been introduced and more is in preparation. The chances for passage in the next session are good, but veterans and other groups may succeed in reintroducing many of the rigidities and defects that should be discarded. The government is a good employer in the sense that public service can be deeply rewarding, but modern personnel practices are urgently needed.

The General Accounting Office should be transformed into an effective auditing agency for Congress —which it is not—and accounting responsibility should be restored to the Executive Branch. The majority of the Hoover Commission recommended an unhappy compromise, but there is no reason to believe that the 81st Congress would touch the subject in any event. The present Comptroller General's great personal popularity reinforces the normal Congressional belief that anything disliked by the executive is good for Congress.

One important reform in the President's own family was recommended by the Commission. That is to change the Council of Economic Advisers—now operating in the full glare of publicity and erratically for themselves, for Congressional committees, for various interest groups, and for the President—to an Economic Adviser whose exclusive job will be to help the chief executive. The President must have informed assistance on the economic impact of his whole program and all its parts: paradoxically, he needs the assistance because he must do many things (like maintaining a large defense program in times of inflation) that are non-economic. He can never hope to get unbiased advice if the advice is constantly made public. Most of the opposition to the Commission's recommendation has come from liberal groups in and out of Congress; their policy seems painfully shortsighted.

Another urgent need in Presidential staffing is a Board of Review for natural-resource-development projects. This was recommended in a dissent. Even the majority's somewhat confused proposals for a Board of Impartial Analysis for engineering and architectural projects would fill the gap created by the unseemly abolition of the National Resources Planning Board. Perhaps with the horrid word "planning" omitted, Congress might be willing to go along.

In the area of interdepartmental shifts there are two badly needed consolidations, both in the field of natu-

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ral resources: the civil functions (rivers and harbors, and flood control) of the Army Corps of Engineers should be united with the work of the Bureau of Reclamation, and similarly, though the need is not quite so urgent, the Forest Service (Agriculture) and the Bureau of Land Management (Interior), which includes the Grazing Service and the old General Land Office, clearly belong together in one agency.

The question of who should control a combined Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management is not a simple matter; both parent agencies can make out a pretty good claim. Along with the dissenters on the Commission, I plunk for Interior. This seems to me a good time to emphasize conservation in the public domain. The on-the-farm conservation job of Agriculture can and should go ahead anyway. Nobody knows what the President will do, and even if he recommends a transfer to Interior, Congress will probably defeat the plan, because the prestige of Agriculture and the Forest Service probably outweigh the political appeal of Interior and BLM.

The other case is clear-cut. River-basin development from the source in the mountains clear down to the sea should be handled by one agency and that agency belongs in the Interior Department, or in a new Department of Natural Resources, which is what Interior should become. Power, flood control, navigation, irrigation—all must be planned simultaneously and by one agency, and the basic function is civilian, not military. If the Engineers need this kind of training, let them be given assignments with Interior. As they did in the WPA, they will learn much from working in a civilian agency and they will have something of their own to contribute. The present system gives only partial training to about 215 Engineer officers at any one time and bids fair to wreck the effective use of our magnificent water resources.

I know of no one in Washington who thinks that a Reorganization Plan transferring rivers and harbors and flood control to Interior could get by Congress unless—and this is a big unless—and until enough people in this country wake up to the significance of the problem and tell their Senators and Representatives about it.

BRITAIN'S FARMS AND FOOD

by Norman MacKenzie

THE FARM VOTE is by no means unimportant in Britain's General Election. Farmers, farm workers and their wives make up a total of more than two million electors whose living comes from the land. But the farming community and its products have a wider significance than the mere count in rural polls: the Labour Party's record and program in relation to agriculture are bound to be two of the basic issues in the coming contest, even though they may not figure prominently in the party's platform.

The pledge of "full employment," on which Labour is staking so heavily in its appeal to the urban electorate, cannot be made good—or even presented as reasonably plausible to the intelligent voter—unless there is some assurance that supplies of imported raw materials will be sufficient to keep British factories busy. For such supplies, Britain is still heavily dependent upon the dollar area. This year, Britain has been importing "dollar" raw materials at the annual rate of $640 million, or nearly 30 percent of all imports of this type. Unless, therefore, there is a miraculous expansion of British exports to the US or unexpectedly great success in developing alternative sources of supply, Britain can only maintain raw-material imports at their present level if further cuts are made in British purchases of "dollar" foodstuffs. These imports, as it is, will cost something like $550 million in 1949, if animal foodstuffs are included. This serves to emphasize the need for a constructive agricultural policy aimed at still higher output.

Here the Conservative Party is in a difficulty. Whatever criticisms it may make of "Socialist mismanagement" in industry, and however stoutly it upholds its traditional claim to be the "farmers' friend," it is up against the fact that agricultural policy, ever since 1940, has been to all intents and purposes bipartisan. Labour has not raised the controversial question of land nationalization; owners and tenants of farms have no cause to fear a threat to their security; indeed, since 1945, the Labour Government has continued substantially the farm policy—based upon a mixture of guaranteed-price inducements and paternal supervision by County Agricultural Committees—which it inherited from Winston Churchill's wartime coalition. Nor can the Tories argue effectively either that the land has been neglected or that the agricultural community has had a raw deal during Labour's four years of power.

This is the second in a series of four articles on the major issues in the coming British General Election. The author is a member of the staff of the New Statesman and Nation *(London). The third article, to appear in an early issue, will deal with the "Welfare State."*

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Most farmers have prospered; land workers' wages have risen; and the whole agricultural picture is much brighter than before the war.

In 1939, there were 13 million acres of arable land in Britain, and nearly 19 million acres of permanent and often unkempt grassland. Today, the ratio is almost exactly reversed. The prewar proportion of home-produced food to total food consumption was 25 percent. This year, the percentage will be 40, no mean achievement in increased output and efficiency. Agricultural manpower has been raised from the 1939 figure of 900,000 to approximately 1,200,000. As compared with the prewar average, the chief crops in 1948-49 show considerable percentage increases—wheat is up by 25 percent; oats by 40 percent; barley and potatoes more than doubled.

The improvement in livestock is, admittedly, less satisfactory. Britain has more cows than before the war, and milk production is up by one-fifth. The poultry population, depleted during the war, has been built up again. But the number of sheep and pigs is below 1939. This year's output of marketable mutton and lamb will be little more than two-thirds of prewar, and pig-meats less than half. Nevertheless, thanks to intensive mechanization—the total of tractors has risen from 60,000 before the war to 250,000 today while the number of horses has shrunk in much the same ratio—the net output of British agriculture is about 35 percent higher than it was in 1939.

What of the future? In August, 1947, the Minister of Agriculture got Parliament to approve a four-year program. It aimed at a moderate and progressive expansion in the production of grain crops and, with markedly greater emphasis, at an increase in livestock, for which it was hoped larger supplies of imported foodstuffs would be forthcoming. This hope has been largely disappointed, by difficulties over the payment for such imports. And though guaranteed prices have been scaled up to compensate farmers for increased labor costs, the targets for crops have not been completely reached.

It is obvious that more intense efforts will now be made to reach the crop targets, in view of the dollar shortage; and it would be premature at this time to suggest that the four-year plan will fail. The Minister set his target high. By the end of 1952, British farm output is to be 50 percent higher than it was before the war. To achieve this goal demands a very great increase in the acreage under cereal production; but, at a price, the task can be accomplished.

There, from the standpoint of the economist rather than the politician, lies the snag. The present system of incentives—guaranteed prices and acreage payments—is today costing the Treasury £300 million a year. This comes out of a total of £500 million spent on food subsidies of all kinds, including imported food sold to the consumer below cost. With the growth, vitally needed to save imports, of farm output, the bill will mount. In addition, the dollar shortage may enforce a somewhat artificially distorted pattern of production, with grain crops stimulated beyond the natural aptitude of the land. Does this make sense economically? Many British economists would argue that the country is in danger of going beyond the limit of marginal utility in bringing poor land under cereals, thus pushing up costs for agriculture as a whole. For the time being, however, the need to save dollars is paramount. The Labour Party intends to hold firmly to its policy of price incentives and maximum home output. The intended reduction in next year's feed subsidies, announced by Premier Attlee as part of the fall economy program, will almost certainly be offset by higher guaranteed meat and egg prices for 1950-51.

To this policy, so far as the farming community is concerned, the Conservatives have no alternative. They cannot advocate cuts in the guaranteed prices or, still less, in farm workers' wages. They cannot promise to provide more capital for the improvement of rural buildings and machinery than the £90 million set aside by the Labour Government in the current financial year, because they are committed to all-round cuts in capital investment. And, since the County Agricultural Committees are manned largely by their own political supporters, they cannot well charge that farming is inefficiently supervised. It can be argued that the traditional structure of British agriculture, in which the small farm predominates, makes for a good deal of high-cost farming. It is true that greater specialization would lead to more efficient production. But the Tories cannot possibly include a radical reform of the system in their platform. As the "farmer's friend," the Conservative Party will let well enough alone. Moreover, no one can deny that the technical efficiency of British farming, shown by output per ploughed acre, has greatly increased since the war. In view of the need to increase livestock, the notable improvement in grasslands is especially important.

In the field of national nutrition, the Ministry of Agriculture is unlikely to be involved directly in the electoral battle. It is against the policies of the Ministry of Food that the Tories will direct their fire. They do not deny that some foods, notably meats and fats, must be rationed. Their line, steadily pursued for some time past, is to exploit the discontent and grumbling, wide-

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spread among the middle class, at the "dullness" of Britain's diet, and to argue that £500 million a year is an extravagant price for the Treasury to pay to support a level of living inferior to prewar.

The Labour Party will retort, as the Food Minister, John Strachey, did in an effective broadcast, that statistics do not support the complaints of "poor living." According to figures issued recently by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, the average daily calory intake per person in Britain is now 2,968, against 2,984 in 1938. Measurement of diet by calories may not properly assess its nutritional value or its appeal to the palate, but the FAO figures cannot easily be brushed aside. The fact is that the prewar calory figure was an average of consumption ranging from 3,325 to 2,300 calories a day. If rationing has slimmed the meals of the well-to-do, full employment and food subsidies have greatly raised the food consumption of millions of workers.

These workers, at any rate, will not be impressed by Tory appeals for a mandate to economize on food subsidies. They are well aware that a Conservative government would not pay the farmer less; the economies would be made by allowing retail prices to rise and thus reducing the Food Ministry's trading losses. Tory arguments that "realistic" food prices would enable tax remission to be made are unlikely to go down well with the working-class elector. He and his wife will doubt whether the tax reliefs would benefit *them* as much as the taxpayer in the higher brackets.

Second, there is a genuine and widespread feeling in this country that subsidizing the prices of basic foodstuffs is an essential factor in preventing an inflationary spiral and maintaining the principle of "Fair Shares." This is the part of the Welfare State to which the bulk of the voters will cling most stubbornly, whatever austerity the economic crisis and the dollar shortage may involve.

WESTERN EUROPE'S NEW-YEAR MOOD

by Percy Winner

IN "ATLANTIC" EUROPE, especially in France, the Christmas of 1949 is not exactly a season of overwhelming good cheer or good will. During these last days of the first half of the twentieth century, sweetness and light are noticeable by their absence. There are far too many overtones of anxiety and resentment to let the carillons of the Prince of Peace sound convincing. Though not new, the mood of many Atlantic Europeans is worse now than it has been at any time during the last few years; and it affects all kinds of men, from those in positions of power to those in the great crowds of little people, from the traditionalists far over on the political Right to the intellectuals on the fringes of the Left that stops just short of Stalinism.

A Frenchman of the Left writes: "Whether or not war is of tomorrow, the state of war has already begun. . . . We are living out the end of our political liberties. . . . The two competing empires are both totalitarian, the Soviet in fact, the American potentially."

A Frenchman of the Right says: "The brine of our dependence upon our American friends is bitter, but we who drown must drink it."

The state of war and the American potential of totalitarianism are, if facts at all, great exaggerations. They too are part of a mood—a strongly anti-Atlantic, hence anti-American, mood among precisely the Europeans who, as enemies of the Communists, should be America's friends.

A leftist Frenchman, Pierre Emmanuel, writes in the rightist *Le Monde*:

> If America loses Europe, then America herself is lost. Without Europe, America no longer has a soul, for America breathes—in terms of morals—only through her close link with Europe. . . . The durable empires are the work of great peoples carrying an idea . . . of those old countries named France, Italy, England. [They] are still living their idea. Although constrained to become vassals of force, they consent only to the extent that their idea cannot otherwise survive. . . . Europe can defend America from herself; the way to do this is to defend Europe from an American policy that sees in Europe only a bridgehead.

Perhaps military necessity as seen by General Omar N. Bradley and economic expediency as decided by Paul G. Hoffman make superfluous any attention to the knowhow of dealing with the Atlantic Europeans' psychological quirks. Perhaps ideas are unimportant in a world of things, souls of continents and the breathing of nations irrelevant in an area of the technical man.

Yet something very much like a popular mood saved many American lives during the latter part of the Second World War, helped end the war sooner and less painfully. That something was the *Resistance* in Atlantic Europe (and before it in blitzed England). The *Resistance* came into being without facts, without proof on the military blueprints. It came of ideas, of faith,

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of feeling, of poetry; it was a mood, and very different from the present one—a mood of faith, of hope, of good will, of friendship toward the Americans.

And since the American High Command is taking what General Bradley calls a "good calculated risk" on the basis of Atlantic Europe's resistance in a Third World War, since this one also will have to be fought by men without weapons as well as by those with them, perhaps the nature and cause of Europe's mood are worth attention.

The current wave of resentment is greatest among the Atlantic Europeans with a sense of history. There are many such; illiterate peasants as well as college professors have it on this blood-drenched soil. After all, this is an old continent whose sticks and stones have the patina of millennia, whose cities and cathedrals seem bridges between past and future. Here the passage of time still means duration as well as speed, individual human values cannot be entirely divorced from those of nations, survival has not quite yielded to change as the ultimate criterion of progress. And to various kinds of men who think in such terms, the closing of 1949 brings a particularly keen sense of loss in passing time.

To the traditionalists it closes the first half of a century. That century promised at its dawn to be of the European fulfillment as a previous one had been of the enlightenment. It was to have rounded out a millennium of Europe's greatness and glory. Instead, its first half has fulfilled only Oswald Spengler's prophecy of *The Decline of the West*—the European West, that is. Weakness and dependence are the present realities. The noon of the century brings deepening twilight—only the inheritor, not the inheritance, remains to be decided. No wonder there are traditionalists who fear a prophecy in Jean-Paul Sartre's *Death in the Soul.*

Reasonably, neither America nor Russia can be blamed for Europe's decline. Fate did it—with the Europeans helping. But Russia is the hated enemy, America the friend of the European traditionalists. With the Russians there can be no process of emotional identification; with the Americans there is such a process. Nothing can be expected or asked from the East. Much has been given by the West. But an enemy in one's own seat of power is merely out of place, while a friend is an interloper. A displaced king cannot feel gratitude to the man of gentle blood who has saved a throne by possessing it.

To the men of good will the passing of 1949 closes the first generation since 1917—the year of the Russian Revolution which was to have completed the French Revolution of 1789; the year of America's entrance into the First World War to save the world for democracy and to end all wars. The betrayal of 1917's promise was not America's, certainly not more than incidentally and accidentally. But here, too, Russia is the enemy, America the friend. The reproaches toward the West become louder and bitterer in proportion as Atlantic Europeans no longer can speak and be heard toward the East. Everything becomes largely America's fault. Not the Europeans themselves but the American policy in Vichy, in Rome in 1943, in all of the West in 1945, in Greece and Spain, in Turkey and Germany, becomes responsible for the present general falling back of the forces of Western European liberalism, for the crumbling of the Third Force, the splitting of socialism, the rise of black clericalism.

And to the great masses of people the end of 1949 closes the first decade since the start of the Second World War. The Christmas bells bring no armistice in a war of nerves that, here, has become a total involvement in anxiety of the whole man.

The end of 1949 also closes the first Atlantic year—the first of the pact which Bradley considers a more powerful weapon of defense than atomic bombs. Yet the outlook for the future here in Europe is less bright than it was a year ago. The main objections to American policy are not that the pact makes shooting war more likely, though the reactions of the Russians cannot rule out the possibility. The first objection is to an apparent mixture in Bradley's thinking of impeccable military mathematics with some questionable logic.

To a great many Atlantic Europeans the most important events of 1949 were the crumbling of British national economy, the serious lagging of ECA and the announcement of Russia's possession of atomic bombs. Taken together, they seemed to call for a change in American policy. Many competent scientists, from P. M. S. Blackett to Vannevar Bush, had said the bomb was not an absolute weapon; now the two sets of bombs, American and Russian, seemed to cancel out each other, and the obvious need was for a new conception of future warfare. Similarly, the fate of ECA seemed to suggest a change in the American project to "unify" Western Europe economically without the links with the East that alone could make the Continent a "natural" economic entity.

But Hoffman, instead of changing, called for an even more extreme "unity" and "integration"—a goal which while technically reasonable was humanly and historically impossible within any space of time that might have practical meaning. And Secretary Acheson, apparently on the promptings of the generals, said the military plan would not change because the

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Soviet bomb had been planned for and discounted. In an interview given to a French newspaperman at the end of November, Bradley repeated that the "Russian atomic explosion has not ... changed our plans of collective defense. It has on the contrary emphasized their urgence and importance."

Then, in the same interview, he said: "I believe now that the countries of Europe must begin to realize that the defense of the United States is essential to the security of Western Europe. . . . If Chicago, Detroit, or the West Coast of the United States were to be the object of severe attacks, the Europeans would have to understand that the defense of these great industrial centers is a key to the defense of Europe."

Atlantic Europeans fail to understand how the American cities could be "the object of severe attacks" except by Russian atom bombs. Hence Bradley is either being illogical or he is saying quite simply that the French must now permit the Germans to be rearmed because the frontiers of France's defense are somewhere between Detroit and Los Angeles.

It does not improve the Atlantic European mood to believe that the future lies with the notorious military lag, with an American version of Maginot-mindedness. Throughout the year now ending there were plain signs of a Soviet interest in "deals" with the West. Many Atlantic Europeans were encouraged by this interest, even the most anti-Communist among them. Why wouldn't they be? The MAP was a fine project, perhaps, but men who had fought two wars on their own soil in a single generation could not be pleased by the possibility of having their lands ravaged once more, not even to carry out the excellent strategic purpose of keeping America's advance battle frontier on the Elbe, the Rhine, the Marne, the Severn or the Po, instead of on the Great Lakes. Bradley's risk might be as well calculated as military mathematics could make it, but the European footsoldiers, the European cities and cathedrals, would pay for a mistake in judgment—either military or psychological.

The object which the American generals call "the shock absorber" against the Red Army happens to be the homeland of men who think and feel. Liberals among these men cannot but be bitter if the American statesmen flirt with Franco Spain, help the Jesuit-clerical project of "Latin Europe," sponsor a reactionary Germany and deals between it and the most anti-progressive elements in France. Sensible men in all political camps cannot be pleased by American rejection of possibilities of a *modus vivendi* (at least economic) with the Russians. These possibilities were present on a number of occasions during 1949, notably after the lifting of the Berlin blockade in the spring, and after the announcement of the Russian bomb in the fall. From the Atlantic European perspective it has seemed that each new Russian aggressive move (of which there also were a number, notably the reëntry into domestic European politics, the militarization of the satellites, the making of an ersatz Germany) came *after* the American generals had once more said their no, no, never.

If the attitude of the French—nearly all of them except the Gaullists and some extreme Rights—had not been clear before, it was made so during the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the American concessions to Germany. Both the Left and the Right benches cheered as Charles Serre, a rightist, called upon the government "to play on all the keys of the keyboard of diplomacy" to get an agreement with Russia about Germany. It was of course empty talk, and the benches knew it. In such matters the Americans both propose and dispose, despite the language of official communiqués.

The second major objection to American policy, especially the Atlantic Pact as the generals conceive it, is really to its social and psychological effects. A peace largely subordinated to the "necessities" of Atlantic-type war preparations is not exactly the European idea of peace. Perhaps Russian terror is as much if not more responsible than American fear. Many Europeans do not agree. The Russians, they say, have been invaded many times; the Americans have the hysteria of a people never really invaded in modern terms, hence hell-bent for keeping their land the uniquely chosen one of exemption, no matter who else pays. The Russians, these Europeans agree, would make war unspeakable, but it is the Americans who are making peace unbearable by the "coca-colonization" that comes along with the great and recognized benefactions.

Not only the Communists talk of an American "occupation." The relation between the two "occupations" has been described in a paraphrase of Flaubert's remark about Emma Bovary that she found in adultery the platitudes of matrimony; it is said that the French find in liberation the restraints of conquest.

Petty things as well as big ones are involved in such complaints. In Italy, for example, a wave of absurdly silly prudery has reached such a point that a man can be jailed for kissing his wife while they are sitting in a public park; fig leaves have been painted over reproductions of world-famous paintings; films which won Grand Prizes at Venice have been banned in Italy because they showed "modern man the helpless victim of his own corruption." The American influence is

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blamed; if not for the strait-laced American Roman Catholic hierarchy, if not for the dollars which keep Alcide de Gasperi, the "Salazar of Italy," where he is, such things would not happen. But even in Italy, even in the *Quotidiano,* the newspaper of Catholic Action, one can read: "We are sick to death of chewing on the chewing gum of European unity which the American force upon us." And there are Italians who vie with one another in tearing down the red Coca-Cola signs which deface the old and beautiful honey-colored walls of Rome.

Under Fascism it was said that everything which was not forbidden was obligatory; now it is being said that everything that is not Communist is American. In the French view, an extremely serious effect of the present trend is the rapid standardization—in the American manner—of European life. Perhaps mechanization is necessary in the factories, perhaps the tricks of American merchandising and advertising are unavoidable in commercial life—though here too there are plenty of doubts. But the standardization of human values and of intellectual values is too much.

A Frenchman of the liberal Right, Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, has given concrete examples of some differences between European and American attitudes toward intellectual freedom. Both the Frenchman Joliot-Curie and the Englishman Bernal are physicists, working in the field of atomic energy. Both also are militant Communists, and attend official conferences in many cities, including Moscow. Yet Joliot-Curie remains head of France's atomic-energy laboratory and Bernal remains a professor in a great university. Is there any question about what would have happened to them in America? Thus far, American policy has not been able to change European attitudes—at least not in France and England—toward intellectual freedom.

But pressures of other sorts are obviously succeeding, and the result is a trend toward unworkable uniformity and false homogeneity of which Servan Schreiber and many other Europeans complain. Labor unionists resent the transportation to Atlantic Europe of the American type of purging and witch hunting. (One of the results has been the need of the anti-Communist unions in France and Italy to take the initiative in fighting the pro-American government coalitions as a means of preventing a drift of membership back to the Communist unions.) Businessmen and small industrialists are bitter about the American order of November 4, invoking the Atlantic Pact to "forbid" the exportation toward the East of a long list of industrial products. And the raison d'être of the prohibition technique is weak; many of the products can be considered "strategic" only by the broadest definition; nearly all the exports are desperately needed, especially if America means what it says about economic soundness being the basis of security.

Atlantic Europeans insist that both the Russian system and the American supertechnique are unreal in the European context. Moreover, the American production-consumption diptych cannot be the picture of European existence. The answer to Marxism cannot successfully leave out some place for universal and personal ideas; for human disparities and social differences; for "that liberty of detachment without which the highest values perish for lack of moral space."

These are the ideas, the thoughts of Europeans who write and speak publicly—none of them a Communist or fellow traveler, indeed none of them really anti-American. The great mass of the Europeans, the inarticulate ones, grumble and resent. The most serious aspect of the mood of Atlantic Europeans at the end of 1949 is that the words "collaboration" and "resistance," which were first used in relation to the Fascists and Nazis, then to the Communists, are now being widely used in relation to the Americans. The Italian Ignazio Silone can say of his ardently pro-American Socialist opponent Saragat that "his reproach comes to us in the tone of a petty colonial official who tries to put his native competitors in a bad light with the 'protecting power'."

The men in Washington may brush aside all this as unimportant (or untrue) in the perspective of overwhelming military necessity. But what if General Bradley is wrong in his calculations that Russia can't fight before 1952; what if the American policy in Germany either starts or hastens the creation of a police force that is really a marching army for the Soviets; what if a war situation presents itself before 1952? What if ECA help is withdrawn, if the new Communist drive in Western Europe succeeds, if Atlantic Europe begins to disintegrate from within? Or what if the Western European footsoldiers are called upon to face the Red Army, with or without atomic bombs? In any of these eventualities, the mood of Western Europe may be of some slight importance; the absence of American knowhow in European psychology may not be entirely compensated by marvels in the atomic laboratories, in the factories, or even in the mechanized fighting forces.

George Kennan of the State Department has warned Americans not to expect the gratitude of Europeans. Perhaps the State Department had better get clear about what Americans can expect from Europeans unless foreign policy takes into account its effect on the European mood.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *How Blind Is Justice?*

A WEEK AGO I commented upon the eye-dropper justice meted out to former Representatives James M. Curley of Massachusetts, J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey and Andrew J. May of Kentucky. I suggested that one planning to commit a crime would do well to have himself elected to Congress. Then he would be treated with the sternness meted out by a doting father to a spoiled child.

Public officials in the countries behind the Iron Curtain are not treated by the courts with the obsequiousness that is accorded to American public servants. In Sofia, Bulgaria, recently, former Deputy Premier Traicho Kostov defended himself against a charge of treason and espionage. Thereupon, his own lawyer denounced Kostov for an hour and a quarter, accusing him of seemingly impossible crimes. The court found him guilty. On December 14, Kostov was sentenced to be hanged and a day later he was executed in Sofia, following which, the puppet government insisted that the sentence of death imposed upon Kostov was "absolutely just and . . . necessary in the [Communist] struggle against the Anglo-American imperialists and their agents." This may have been "necessary" in a government that is maintained by blood and brutality, but its "justness" may well be doubted.

One may make his own comparison between the "justice" accorded to Kostov and that imposed by "Milquetoast" American judges to Messrs. Curley, Thomas and May. Other comparisons are also legitimate—comparisons between what happens to a Congressman when he is caught redhanded and what can happen to a civilian in not dissimilar circumstances. Constantly there are instances of gross favoritism in the treatment by American courts of influential American officials and of mere civilians. I shall cite only two.

On December 15, Arthur Vaughn, a Negro of 32, was sentenced in Washington to from three to nine years in jail for a robbery which netted him 35 cents. To be sure, Vaughn had a criminal record, but so did James M. Curley when he was lightly fined and sentenced to serve from six to eighteen months in prison, a sentence which was terminated by a pardon at the end of a mere five months. But then, Curley was a member of Congress. He had been Governor of Massachusetts. He had been, and, incredibly, was again to be, Mayor of the city of Boston.

Out in Idaho recently four youthful Indians became entangled with the law. Unfortunately for them, they were not members of Congress. These young Indians were sentenced on October 11 to a combined total of 56 years in the penitentiary for the theft of one sheep in Juliaetta, Idaho. To be sure, the sheep, which may have been worth all of $15, was returned alive to the owner. To be sure, also, the prosecuting attorney had assured them that if they would plead guilty, they could count on the leniency of the court.

They did plead guilty, whereupon the promised "leniency" was jerked out from under their feet and each was precipitated into jail for 14 years. Then, too late, they employed counsel. His plea for leniency, or at least consent that the four Indian youths, aged 19 to 21, might enter a plea of "not guilty," was rejected by the stern judge, who probably never in his whole righteous lifetime had so much as slightly fractured the least of the laws of his state. He was passing sentence upon four Indian boys who had been drinking more than was good for them in celebration of the birth of a son to one of them. He was not judging Congressmen of doubtful personal integrity and honor.

In commenting indignantly upon this palpable miscarriage of justice, the US Commissioner of Indian Affairs compared this sentence with one of five years recently inflicted upon a white man who had confessed to absconding with thousands of dollars from a bank. He said: "Somehow I cannot help feeling that the less one steals, especially if he is an Indian, the heavier the sentence." The *Daily Idahonian*, of Moscow, Idaho, printed on November 9 an editorial expressing the shock it felt at the "apparent severity of their [the Indians'] punishment." "Particularly so," it continued, "when [one] considers the leniency that has been shown other individuals pleading guilty to thefts running into much larger sums of money and appropriated over such long periods of time that a defense of impetuosity hardly could hold water." The *Idahonian* might have commented on the brutality of this sentence as compared with the almost apologetic incarceration of the three deliberately law-breaking Congressmen already referred to. In addition to the *Daily Idahonian*, white citizens of the state have freely been expressing their high indignation.

I do not know the name of the judge in question, but if Bulgaria has any more political prisoners to butcher and if, at the same time, the judges who sentenced Kostov feel any degree of squeamishness for their foul work, that slave state might call in the Idaho judge as a substitute.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

BEYOND *ANNA* AND *THE BROTHERS*

by Helen Muchnic

As its third publication, the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies has made available, in an admirably fluent and idiomatic rendering, an outstanding work of Russian scholarship, a history of early Russian literature by Nikolai K. Gudzy, associate member of the Academy of Sciences, USSR, professor of the Second University of Moscow, and one of the most distinguished students of Russian literary history. For those who do not know Russian, this work will be invaluable, for it is the only one on the subject in English.

HISTORY OF EARLY RUSSIAN LITERATURE, by N. K. Gudzy. Translated by Susan Wilbur Jones. With an Introduction by Gleb Struve (Macmillan; $10).

FROM PUSHKIN TO MAYAKOVSKY, by Janko Lavrin (Transatlantic Arts; $3.75).

In the English studies of Russian literature which have appeared so far, everything that took place before the nineteenth century is dealt with so cursorily that the interested student is usually left with the impression that the great period of Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky must have sprung spontaneously, miraculously, in an intellectual and artistic void. And however astonishing the Russian nineteenth century must always remain, some knowledge of its antecedents makes it seem not quite inexplicable. The present volume does not take us up to the wonderful century; it stops with the seventeenth, and we must hope that one day we shall have its sequel. Meanwhile we are given a glimpse into the earliest period, which, we discover, has merits of its own quite apart from its value as "background." Of course, this early literature is not comparable to that of England in variety and imaginative sweep; but it does yield, aside from the great twelfth-century epic, *The Tale of Igor's Expedition*, legends, chronicles, "lives," etc., which give a foretaste of that moving rendition of experience, that rough and honest humor, brutality and grotesque boldness of invention which have become recognized characteristics of Russian literature.

Gudzy's book, intended for the use of university students, does not presuppose knowledge of the subject. Ample footnotes, with full bibliographies, provide guidance for those who wish to look further into any section or phase of the history, but no one can feel—as sometimes happens in works of this kind—that the text exists for the sake of the footnotes.

Early Russian literature developed within the orbit of succeeding centers of culture. The earliest, that of Kiev, gave place to Novgorod, and this, in turn, to Moscow. The present history follows this geographico-chronological scheme and considers also the development of the "provincial literature" of other, less important towns. "Early Russian literature covers a period of approximately six and a half centuries," writes Gudzy. "However, just as the historical situation underlying the development of Russian literature was all this while unintegrated, so our early literature lacked integration from one end of its existence to the other." In these pages one watches, not by way of abstract discussion, but through the works themselves, the gradual process of both national and literary integration. Gudzy avoids philosophic generalizations. His method is strictly historical. And his data are delightfully given. Take, for example, his retelling of the legend of Mark the Sexton from the *Kiev-Crypt Paterikon*, about which, he reminds us, "Pushkin went into raptures":

> Once when Mark was digging a niche he got tired and stopped without finishing, and when the deceased was brought, the coffin could not be squeezed in. Grumbling arose among the monks since, as the story says, they could not "lay out" the corpse; that is, arrange it and anoint it with oil, "because the space was narrow." Mark apologized to the brothers: "Forgive me, dear fathers, for my wickedness that I did not finish." But the monks began to scold him all the more. Then Mark appealed to the dead man himself: "It's a tight fit, brother, so just rouse up and take the oil and pour it on yourself." And a miracle took place: the dead man stretched out his hand and poured the oil, and his coffin squeezed itself into the narrow cave.

Most of the summaries are more elaborate than this one, but Gudzy is always skillful in his use of narration as a means of criticism.

"The Marxist-Leninist study of early Russian literature," he writes in his introduction, after a survey of preceding schools of literary history, "is as yet in the embryonic stage. To build up a genuinely Marxist course in the history of early Russian literature is a problem of the first importance to the general system of Soviet literary scholarship." But since the time for this has not yet come, he makes no claim to having attempted such a study. He is unwilling to speculate or to draw premature conclusions from the data he presents, and his book is, therefore, untheoretic and objective.

His method is, in general, to place a work, concisely, in its historical context, to indicate briefly whatever might be pertinent about its relation to folk-poetry or to other literatures, to explain special qualities of its style, to note any critical controversies involved in its interpretation—but all this by way of comment on a well-told story. It is as if one were guided through an excellently ordered, but not rigidly classified and immovable, collection of fascinating objects. There they are,

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clearly exhibited. If one wished, one might shift them around to discover, perhaps, new meanings by means of various rearrangements: closer comparisons with works of other countries, for example, or special studies of realistic traits, or analyses of social implications. Gudzy leaves the task of "tracing tendencies" to those who care to undertake it. But his concluding paragraph invites reëxamination and discussion of the raw material he has presented. Here is the legacy—of form, style, language and theme—he concludes, which the seventeenth-century literature left the eighteenth, "enriching Russian literature with those elements of realism that were to become firmly established in the nineteenth century." The way is open for an analysis of these elements and a study of their growth.

From Pushkin to Mayakovsky is a book of a different kind. It is not intended to be a scholarly study and it is addressed to a different audience. Professor Janko Lavrin, of University College, Nottingham, England, is well known as a popularizer of Russian literature. He has written, among others, brief studies of Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and an *Introduction to the Russian Novel.* His books are always clear, competent, concise; and, without giving important revelations either of critical insights or of scholarly discoveries, standing somewhere, as they do, between a popular college lecture and a "highbrow" radio broadcast, they serve a useful function. They are at all times fair-minded and they are based on a broad and loving knowledge of literature.

Much of the present volume, we are told in a Prefatory Note, "was given on various occasions in the form of lectures to my students, or else in the form of prefaces, introductory essays, comments, etc., in various editions." It is composed of fourteen brief chapters, devoted not only to the Great Ones of Russian literature but also to such splendid but, to non-Russian readers, little-known authors as Lermontov, Nekrasov, Leskov, Gorky, Andreyev, Blok, Esenin, Mayakovsky. Lavrin sketches their lives, suggests the special quality of their work, and quotes several excellent renderings of their poetry, some of which were done especially for his book. His critical comments seem to me to be oversimplified, occasionally running to clichés: "It was the broadness as well as the sanity of [Pushkin's] genius that made him so universal"; or, of a scene in Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*: it "is one of those marvels of art which are more real than reality itself." Sometimes he seems to me to be overenthusiastic, as when he calls Gorky's *The Life of Klim Samgin* "a masterpiece of critical realism"; and at other times I resent his tendency to explain complex psychological states by an easy formula: "When such an incurable idealist is faced with the facts and conditions of real life, he cannot but react to them in Blok's manner." But, on the whole, one is grateful for Lavrin's generous and sane judgments; and one can only hope that his lively little book may rouse interest and stimulate translations, especially since we now have proof that Russian poetry, as well as Russian prose, can be transformed into good English.

Helen Muchnic is professor of Russian Literature at Smith College and is the author of Dostoevsky's English Reputation and An Introduction to Russian Literature.

BRIEF COMMENT

In Sicily, by Elio Vittorini. Translated by Wilfred David, with an Introduction by Ernest Hemingway (New Directions; $2.50).

In Sicily is the first of Elio Vittorini's novels to be published here. It was written in Italy during the early years of the war, banned by the Fascists, and published clandestinely. One can see how it would have been heartening reading in that desperate time, which is not to say that it is a cheerful or optimistic book, but a hopeful one, recalling the reader (as it does the narrator) to things that need to be remembered but are easily forgotten.

During a winter of perpetual rain and "the slaughter on the newspaper placards," the writer is marooned in "the quietude of my helplessness; to believe mankind to be doomed, and yet to feel no fever to save it, but instead to nourish a desire to succumb with it." On an impulse, he sets off for Sicily to visit his mother, whom he hasn't seen for fifteen years. And with the return of forgotten sensations—once familiar sights, tastes, smells—with the change of weather, with dawning interest in the people on the train, he begins to come back to life.

This resurrection (and with it an understanding of his predicament and of poverty and suffering) is the subject of the book. In the course of the narrative, the writer speaks of his "journey," and in another place of "my conversation in Sicily." It is a "journey," literally of course, and a journey from his present to his past, from despair to hope. It is a "conversation," too: he talks with a number of people—with his mother, first of all, the vital center of the novel (and perhaps a shade too explicitly the archetypical Woman), with people on the train, with villagers at home, with ghosts in his own past. But more extensively, it is a conversation with humanity, as he regains a lost sympathy with men.

Any account of the book is deceptive; its distinction, inherent in the prose itself, is the way it conveys, with economy and precision, as an experience and as a value, the very sensation of being alive. J. F.

The Sheltering Sky, by Paul Bowles (New Directions; $2.75).

The Sheltering Sky is probably the strangest and, in its third section, the most sensational novel by an American to appear in 1949. Indeed, the only thing not strange about it is the quality of Paul Bowles's prose—which is simple, unaffected yet powerful, marred occasionally (as are so many contemporary novels) by the use of that ugly, pointless phrase, "to be sure." This, however, is a minor blemish in a book which evokes the heat of the desert more overpoweringly than any other since the appearance of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

Had Bowles given more reason for the neuroses, the relationship and the wanderings in the scorching, fly-infested Sahara of Kit and Porter Moresby, he might have created a minor masterpiece. The main trouble with *The Sheltering Sky* is that the reader knows too little about the youth and background of this wildly neurotic couple. Nor do they know too much about themselves. Port suspects that he had set out "from New York into the unknown" in order to "strengthen the sentimental bonds" between himself and his wife—on the assumption, presumably, that perpetual motion under the most excruciatingly

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uncomfortable conditions makes the heart grow fonder. Since Kit—that omen-haunted crackpot of a girl, harassed by a "war between reason and atavism" constantly raging within her—is frankly terrified by all forms of locomotion, it is little wonder that, even with quantities of "magic" (champagne) administered by a frantic bore called Tunner, the relationship between husband and wife should grow cooler rather than cosier.

What surprised this writer far more than the highly unconventional scenes describing Kit's "love" among the Arabs was the death, halfway through the book, of Bowles's "hero." One might well ask: How can a reader be expected to continue his interest in a novel when its least unsympathetic character no longer lives? And yet, so strange is this world that Bowles has created, so hypnotic his prose, that one does read on—albeit with eyebrows steadily rising until, by the end, one is slightly startled to find them still there. JAMES STERN

Sinners, Come Away, by Leon Wilson (Little, Brown; $3).

This first novel is an intelligent account of a group of men in a Southern jail. The intelligence is particularly noticeable in the subtly shifting speech of the different prisoners and in the restraint with which the author exploits them for fictional purposes. Unfortunately, the confinement of jail determines their dramatic relations, while the limitations of their intelligence prevent any compensating scope in the dialogue. The reader simply notes their predicament and feels (in the words of one of them): "The law . . . Jesus what an outfit." J. F.

Dear Life, by H. E. Bates (Little, Brown; $2).

Such is the ironic title of this short English novel which comes no closer to "life" than numb existence and brutal murder. Laura is a poor, terrified creature who walks, in a kind of trance, out of a loveless home into the anonymous arms of a Canadian sailor, and is dragged through a brief career of theft and killing. Both the girl and the man are faceless, almost voiceless, nonentities—she synonymous with fear, he with cruelty. The action of their story is sheer violence. The author has cleverly manipulated these bare elements into the simple literary effect of cold sweat. J. F.

THEATRE: C. Channing and Others

CERTAIN PLAYS void discussion. One likes them or not: reasons are merely excuses to prolong conversation. The last three plays I have seen are, in different ways, of this kind.

The pick of the batch is "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the latest musical hit. "What!" my best friends and severest critics will cry out, "You liked it?" My answer is that I consider my approbation in these matters hardly more important than the other fellow's negation.

Carol Channing is the chief asset of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The rest is ornate dressing—some of it, like the champagne-cup costumes, I found amusing; some of it, like the old-fashioned showgirls, not at all disagreeable; and I have a personal predilection for the dancing and personality of Anita Alvarez. Agnes de Mille's choreography varied from the pleasantly bouncy to the cutely corny. There were sluggish stretches; the authors were also unfair to the gentlemen—they gave them terrible roles.

Let us, by all means, return to the big blonde—Carol Channing. She has a distinct personality. It reminds me somehow of the Wrigley sign that made the Broadway of the twenties what a French lady of my acquaintance long ago described as "extraordinaire but not very raffinated." Miss Channing is conspicuous, brazen, shimmery and attractive. She is tall and her figure is not dainty, yet there is an odd unreality about her, as if she weren't constructed in three dimensions at all. Her eyes blaze in a vacant ogle that might be lust but is more likely a cunning so dumb that it becomes innocence. One thinks of a gadget too expensive for its parts and too wearing for the fun that one gets out of it, but nevertheless peculiarly precious. For is not all this the symbol of a good time in the vein of those crazy days, when vice was a joke and the city preferred a dandy mayor, who cheated its citizens, to the righteous lawyer who sought to protect them?

The admirable thing about Carol Channing is that she is not a Lorelei Lee, but that she makes one. She is a real actress in the sense that her performance accomplishes a characterization. The high-heeled, squeezed-toe mince, the high-pitched, metallic twang, the fiercely delightful energy combined with the honey-pie slush and gurgle of her speech, are all rendered with absolute and winning authenticity. She delivers "A Little Girl from Little Rock," with its refrain about the guy who done her wrong, in an unforgettable style—which is truly a *style*.

The thin humors of Benn Levy's "Clutterbuck" cannot stand comparison with the raciness of a Channing. I saw this English play in London two years ago, and found its froth—whipped up apropos of an ambulatory, phallic creature named Clutterbuck—deftly managed. The local cast is too conscious of the comedy points it is making, and thus turns the froth into a somewhat sticky sauce. It sits heavily on the stomach without stimulating the mind or the senses.

About Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," as done by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer; the less said the better. The production is lamentable in every respect. It is so bad in fact that I could not even appreciate Miss Palmer's charms—which is something of a record, since I have always maintained that the theatre's first appeal is physical.

As to the play itself I can, under the circumstances, give no considered opinion. I venture to say that it is no great shakes. It must have seemed devilishly bright at the time of its composition, but though it still retains a certain quaint affability which comes as much from Shaw's goodness of heart as from his alertness of spirit, there is something boyish and very nearly silly about it too.

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Apart from all these goings on, I witnessed another Strindberg revival at the Cherry Lane Theatre, this time of the long one-acter called "Creditors." The night I saw it, its audience, it seemed to me, was largely composed of psychoanalysts, who were probably enjoying Strindberg's pre-Freudian penetration. The play is not a lark—even for students of what used to be termed "morbid psychology"—but it has a degree of fascination for people as much interested in the examination of the author's mentality as in that of his characters.

What an audience of this kind may notice is that though the play is supposedly about a bitchy wife's destruction of her husband, the real villain of the play is a man—the husband's friend. And what does he represent? The detached intellect that would reduce life to mechanics. The enemy in Strindberg is not so much Woman, as the scientific materialism with which Strindberg felt himself infected. A man hands this weapon to the woman, and the woman destroys him with it. But the woman, too, is part of Strindberg—the affective part—and the conflict that he dramatizes between man and woman is really a conflict within the dramatist himself. Hence the frenzy, power and absurdity of his plays. HAROLD CLURMAN

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Y. W. VANCE, Literary Editor
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ON THE AIR: Time for a Dividend

AS THE YEAR ENDED, there were on the air 98 television stations serving approximately 3,675,000 set owners in 58 cities. That meant an investment of about $100 million by the broadcasters as against something like $1 billion put up by the audience. But, for their prodigality, the people got something; the television commercial has really made strides.

A good commercial done on film, with actors or by animated cartoons, costs from $1,500 to more than $3,000 for a plug that may consume twenty seconds to a minute of air time. But in that quick appearance the commercial vibrates with action: cigarettes march, underwear does calisthenics, bread bursts like a sunflower from its paper wrapper, soap foams.

These productions are often lavish; occasionally one is even entertaining—at least, the first time you see it. A pre-Christmas Ford ad, on film, staged a lovely little ballet led by as lissome a Santa Claus as I ever hope to see. The Saint, young and handsome, capered around one of the sponsor's cars with two very attractive girls. As I marveled, I remembered the Ford-sponsored ballet program, "Through the Crystal Ball," which folded last spring after running a brief cycle. That show, too, tried to profit from the natural affinity of television for ballet, but failed to make the grade.

Television has brought other pleasures. One night recently when "The Author Meets the Critics" staged its first of a series of annual literary awards, on ABC-TV, Robert Frost appeared in readings of his own poems. Several evenings later, NBC-TV broadcast the "Human Rights Day" doings from Carnegie Hall for the United Nations. This time, living rooms wired for video enjoyed visits from Yehudi Menuhin, Laurence Olivier, Mrs. Roosevelt, Trygve Lie, Carlos Romulo and the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the guidance of Leonard Bernstein.

As one looks back at the year, however, the isolated successes are balanced by hopes unfulfilled. Often, as in the case of Ford's failure with full-scale ballet as against its mastery of the dance for sales purposes, there is a coincidence between the opposites. One of the NBC people who helped make the "Human Rights Day" broadcast memorable was Carolyn Burke. Last March, this department announced that NBC was planning a five-day-a-week television program geared to education for the young. Miss Burke was in charge of that project, and it can be no fault of hers that it was shelved. There are large considerations which no network staff member, not even a vice-president, can control. When the largest of these—money—is involved, education can wait.

In November, Leon Levine, educational director for CBS, delivered an address before a group of educators

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in New Jersey. "The commercial telecaster," said Levine, "will provide a public-service education schedule for all the viewers." He did not say when that would happen, but he was sure that "television is the real hope of adult education."

It's good to learn that hope is not dead. But somehow one feels that the broadcasters ought to start paying more than token dividends on that billion-dollar investment the public has made. The industry is reneging. What's true for television goes more than double for radio, still the only broadcast medium that the great majority of Americans can receive.

Radio has had its poorest season in ten years. Even the comedians, and even when they were good, couldn't stay on. CBS switched Abe Burrows into television, while NBC-radio's Christmas present to Henry Morgan was notification that his amusing Friday-night tenure would end December 30. The broadcasters, burdened by vast expenditures for television, are exercising their freedom to place their money where it will win the biggest pots. It isn't easy to criticize them for that; they are exercising their inalienable right to get rich if they can. But only recently Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, reminded the broadcasters that their freedom to operate as they see fit is matched by the rights of others. In a major address commemorating Harlan Fiske Stone, Coy said:

. . . Some of the Commission's actions restrict the [broadcast] licensee's freedom. They restrict his freedom to be unfair. They restrict his freedom to use his publicly owned frequency for his own whims or caprices. They abridge his freedom to use a scarce frequency . . . that belongs to all the people to dole out time to his pets or use it for himself and his own interests and to withhold it from those groups with whom he happens to differ. They abridge his freedom to dodge his responsibility to operate his station as an open forum for all the conflicting interests of the community instead of as a private chattel to do with as he will. They abridge his freedom to evade his responsibilities as a trustee. For my part, I conceive it my duty to make every effort to curtail the freedom of radio station licensees to be unfair or to use their licenses solely for their own private benefit rather than for the public interest.

SAUL CARSON

BANDWAGON

The Inference Ray

Sen. Ed C. Johnson said today he believed the Russians may be using their atomic bomb factories to exterminate political undesirables by exposing them to lethal radiations.

"Of course, I have no proof of this," he said, "but it fits in with what we know about the Russians' methods." – *From the* Rocky Mountain News, *Denver, Colorado.*

Fur in the Sky

"Mink is almost indestructible and I hope that eventually mink coats can be made available to women who have to wait for streetcars." – *A Chicago "socialite," as quoted in "Fashion Chatter" in the Chicago* Daily News.

Cordon Sanitaire

Some of the other benefits which have been given to Park Avenue through the Park Avenue Committee of the Fifth Avenue Association include the prohibition on that street of begging and peddling, and the legislation against the "puller-in." – *From the New York* Times.

The Uses of Adversity

What a wonderful comedy "Caesar and Cleopatra" is! Shaw wrote it in 1898, when he was on his honeymoon and suffering also from an infected ankle and a broken arm. – *Brooks Atkinson in the New York* Times.

Build Thee More Stately Mansions

John Ehlen, Corte Madera city attorney, admitted that the legality of the [building] ordinance is doubtful, but insisted it was nevertheless a good rule since people who don't buy houses of 1,000 square feet or more are lacking in "character, initiative and manhood." – *From the Marin County* Independent-Journal.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

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One More to Go

Though fifty full years have come and gone since the 20th century dawned on January 1, 1900, the pundits say that we have one more to go to reach the halfway mark.

This, they explain, is because the Romans had no cipher in their system of numbering.

However that may be, it appears that we have one more year left to add to the account of the first half of this turbulent century.

Bernard Baruch, Professor Schlesinger and other distinguished citizens have been polled on the achievements of the past fifty years. There can be little doubt as to the momentous character of those five decades. Nor can there be any doubt about one major fact:

Ideas have not kept pace with technological changes.

The wars, revolutions and other forms of social disorder testify to man's inability to harness his own creations and put them into the service of human brotherhood.

One more year is left before we start on the road toward the end of our century. A year that desperately needs new ideas, sound ideas and wider dissemination of the truth, if the second half is to move toward world harmony.

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